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celebrating the joys of submission!

radiance

LIVING AND LOVING THE RADIANT YOUNG MUSLIM LIFESTYLE

The **Valentine's** Day
A Note from **Satan**

Free **Poster**

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Assalamu aleykum warahmatullahu wabarakatuhu

Bonjour our readers!

Let me jump right in and first off thank you for your overwhelming appreciation for the inaugural issue of the magazine. It was amazing going through all of your admiring letters that we received (and subscriptions too: p). One of the girls narrated me her story in this fashion: "The moment I caught the very first glimpse of Radiance, I grabbed it, stared at it some more, and then folded it to my heart a.k.a hugging it; as if it was a long lost friend I had been looking for since all this time."

We also got to know that parents, as well as grandparents, were found sitting and munching on its Radiant pages. Hmmm… sometimes we all just need to have a break. And it's good that they are young at heart, not missing out on the exciting entertainment readily available at hand.

All praise is to Allah Subhanahu for adorning Radiance in the viewer's eyes and making it a means for us to celebrate the joys of submission to our Lord. However, our greatest achievement would be when our readers will tell us of their finding a change in their lives after becoming a radiant reader of Radiance. Indeed our supreme success is in Allah Subhanahu answering our prayers by guiding people to Islam through our work.

Islam was never meant to be an individualistic faith, reserved for the "chosen few". Thus we all have a duty and a crucial role to play in spreading our *deen*. So congrats to you that by propagating this magazine you are doing just that. You are being a part of our troop, supporting our mission, but well, your charge doesn't end just here. You don't want Radiance to be like that scrumptious cake that you have tasted, admired and now not sharing it with others, do you? So don't miss upon the opportunity of helping as many of your friends as can be to prosper in their deen by reading it. A candle lightening another candle, and that's how we'll be spreading the radiance of our beautiful deen to all the corners of the world.

But uh... do your friends seem like species from a different planet, with hair thrown out in spike-y heights, feigning themselves like some gangster straight out of the tube screens? And those girls in your homeroom who catwalk through the college's hallways, wearing heavy eye liners and foundations as if they have to rush to a job at a circus after college?

But wait a minute… just because she looks like a snob is no certification that she is not someone you can talk to about deen. Or perhaps it is a little weighty business talking to them about Islam, but then giving a glossy teen's magazine is certainly not as heavy. Young people may think Islam is too "old fashioned" and not in tune with the modern age. But we need to prove this wrong and Radiance is all about this; showing how Islam is relevant today, right here, right now.

Children are all the time emphasised to read. It fuels their creative side and helps them blossom in the arts, becoming beautifully cultured people. Reading sets us free. By reading, we can discover new heights, which will allow us to accomplish our wildest ambitions, BUT it all depends on what we are reading.

We all know what our youth reads; all those vampire and romance stories... They read about Bobby and Sue or Sweet Valley; their problems finding a date, their lifestyles filled with endless moments of gossip, lying and mediocrity and in the end, our youth desires just such a lifestyle, a lifestyle that is based on the non-Muslim way of life.

So, just because of laziness, don't pass up an opportunity to get some Islamically-inspiring item. What we read for pleasure inevitably influences our development and attitudes in later life. After all, as they say, 'we are what we read'.

So hang in there, and stay strong. Happy reading Radiance!

Bint Zahid
editor.radiance@gmail.com

Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor,
Radiance Magazine,
Assalam-o-Alaikum,
Yuppie....I am very glad to write this letter as it is my first ever letter to any magazine. And that is because I have found out that this magazine is the best magazine I have ever read. Its wonderful layout, appearance, presentations and contents are absolutely mind capturing. Especially the article "Drifting with the twinkling stars» by Bint Saleem was mind blowing. The poster "A Weak Week" was superb and "My friend's last look" was the best. May Allah give this magazine the greatest success (Aameen).

W›salam,
Saina Usman,
Karachi.

Assalamu alaikum warahmatullahi wabarakaatuh,
Radiance is a dream come true Alhamdulillah. As a parent of a pre-teen who loves to read, I would often wish for such a publication that would provide quality reading material in a fun way. The majority of pre-teen and teen magazines available today revolve around the fashions and fads; their sole purpose being to promote the latest ins and outs of the material world; exactly what we want our children to stay away from instead. It would be hard to find stuff that would work at the spiritual nourishment of the youth and even if one did find such reading material, it would fail to attract a bubbly young person because of the 'dry' style it would be presented in.
So Alhamdulillah again for Radiance. My commendations to everyone involved in this noble, need of the hour endeavour.

Best wishes,
Mrs. Zia,
Lahore.

Dear Editor,
I have just finished reading the first issue of Radiance. First of all I would like to congratulate you on launching such a fabulous Islamic magazine for the teenagers. It is truly a complete set of fun and interest with Islamic knowledge. Congrat on your fabs first issue. May Allah bless you and your entire team for this magnificent work. Great Magazine!
P.S: Can we also have our stuff published in Radiance?

Fatima Hanif
Karachi

Waleykum Asalam dear Fatima,
Jazakillah for your encouraging words. Yes you can definitely write for us and we'll be really looking forward to articles from you all. Become a radiant writer by sharing your interesting and leaving-us-gasping stories through your sparkly pen. Send them at editor.radiance@gmail.com
Jazakumullahu khairen to all the others too for getting in touch. Truly, it is very encouraging to feel the goodwill and support of you all. We say *aameen* to your *duas* and ask you to continue praying for us.
Although we make every attempt to provide a wide sampling of feedback, we regret that we are unable to publish all the letters.
Barak Allahu Feekum
Wsalam,
Editorial team

dear diary

A Gracious Day

Every new day is packed with its own challenges but also with infinite opportunities to do good. We can bring sunshine into many lives, avoid wasting time here and there and instead indulge in some productive pursuits. **Moniba Abdul Jabbar** recollects some scraps from her dairy of one such gracious day in her life

15/January/2013

Dear diary,

Today was one of the finest days since years. It's 11:33 p.m. and I am quite exhausted at the moment but my enthusiasm has won over my weariness so I have started writing before I go collapse in my bed. I woke up so early today and

16/January/2013

... Dear diary,

Guess what happened last night when I was telling you about my day? I dozed off on the couch. Yea I know that's weird but before passing more judgments please read on.

Yesterday I learnt a lesson of my life. I woke up as early as 7 a.m. in the morning. As usual I took a shower and ate something for my breakfast. Everyone else was asleep. I didn't find something better to do so I thought of completing my novel and it totally moved me. It was a story of a young married woman who was very rich, beautiful and intelligent. Her whole life was full of happiness. She had everything she desired and she also married a man whom she loved. She was very proud of her life and her charming looks. One day her life changed its direction that led her to a dead end where she found herself drowning in a pool full of guilt, anguish and distress. She saw no way out of the misery she was in.

She then realised that despite having everything she desired, she didn't have some very precious gifts in her life. She realised that she never had the exquisite gift of having read the whole Holy Quran once in her life. She never had any relationship with Allah ﷻ. She realised that she was so busy loving her family, friends, house, cars, clothes and all other things that she never had time to remember Allah and love Him above all other things she owned. She realised that whatever she had all her life was not a blessing rather it was a test for her.

She never thanked Allah for what she had and always thought she deserved it all. Thus she had started to wish she never had all that she wanted, right from the beginning so that at least then she would have some relationship with Allah. She would have asked Him, prayed to Him and remembered Him at all times. She realised that it was too late and now nobody except Allah could save her from her life which had become as bad as hell for her.

That minute onward I recognised how I choose my family and friends over Namaz. How I just skip my prayers to get more sleep or watch some TV. How I have all the time on earth for everything but very little time to prostrate before Allah.

Yesterday the only thing I asked Allah was the ability to love Allah more than everything else, as I know that loving Allah will bring all the peace I need in my life. I pray to Allah to give me the strength to start living my life that pleases Him.

I spent the whole day yesterday trying to please Allah and kept myself busy in spending my day differently. It was really difficult at first to try and change my routine all of a sudden. But it brought so much contentment that I would love to spend each and everyday in the same manner I spent yesterday. I kept myself busy all day because I knew that even if for a moment I sit idle I will end up chatting away on facebook or watching TV and I'll waste another precious day of my life. Like every other day, I prayed the rest of the four Namaz and did other things like listening to each and everything my mom asked me to do. I even helped my brother with his school work without saying even a single 'No'. He was so mystified at my behavior, he almost dropped his books. Perhaps I had never helped him the way I did yesterday. He was really glad and I hope that so was Allah. I just hope that I spend every minute of my existence to please Allah.

Yesterday night when I said I was exhausted, I only overstated it. In fact my heart was so satisfied that my eyes found peace and I just wanted to end my day by going to sleep early rather that staying awake till 2:00 A.M in the morning. I was so excited and wanted to write about the best day of my life right away but I fell asleep and all thanks are to Allah for that, as I found myself lying wide awake on my bed just in time to go and offer the fajr prayer.

Dear Diary:

A Bittersweet Truth

This diary is sure to melt a stone; reflecting a page of almost every teenager's dairy, but the best part is that it brings out a very easy and obvious solution to our worst of problem; just a simple realisation of a bittersweet truth.

Homework Helper:

How to Ace Your Essays

Significant essay writing tips that are sure to make your writings take the readers breath away, and oh, hopefully of your teacher's as well.

Meet Our Hero

An Exceptional Childhood

This emotional piece will uplift our spirits by taking us back in the radiant days of the early life of our Holy Prophet ﷺ

Heaven Highs

Happily Ever After

The choice is always ours; live like you want, enjoy what you want and one, two, three… blast off. But will things get out of hand once we too, like many others, have passed away from this transitory world? This piece suggests looking to the eternal and much brighter alternative to our disposable dreams of happily ever after.

And lots and lots of more fun and learning...

But hold your breath; we'll meet again soon next month Insha'Allah.

anec dotes

A Wise Young Man

Bint Yaqub narrates an interesting story, helping us to learn the tricks of the trade of staying content in Allah's decree

A wise man lived in a Jungle amongst a few other houses. He had a donkey to carry his goods, a dog to guard his house and a hen to wake everyone up in the morning for prayers.

One day a wolf devoured the wise man's hen and his wife began to sob, "My hen is gone, oh! What shall I do?" The wise one replied, "Don't cry, this must be for our good."

After some time, the wolf came again and killed their donkey. Once again, the wife was grief-stricken and her husband consoled her: "There is no reason to cry. Don't worry; you'll see this would be to our benefit."

The next day their dog died. The husband reiterated to the now uncontrollably weeping wife: "Don't shed tears. This too was for our good."

His wife was totally perplexed and stunned at the repetition of such words from him – it was obvious to her that they faced clear loss again and again and yet he was insisting that it surely holds some good for them. How could the death of their animals be good? She was utterly confused.

Days passed and things went by in their usual humdrum. But then, one day everything changed:

They had barely woken up in the morning when they heard strange cries in the vicinity. It transpired that a group from amongst their enemies had attacked them and were looting whichever house they could make out in the wee hours of the morning. They plundered all houses and took everyone as prisoners; everyone, but the wise man and his wife!

So what was it that saved them?

Actually, what had happened was that the enemies identified houses because either the dog at its door was barking, its donkey was braying or its hen was crowing! The noise directed them to their targets.

What a strange twist of fortune!

So, the wise young man said to his wife: "See now, the ruin of our friends was caused by their own animals and Allah Taa'la blessed us by letting our animals die beforehand. Do you understand now, that had they been alive today, we too would have been taken away as prisoners?" The wife nodded her head quietly, with her heart full of praise for Allah, the Glorious….

So, my dear young ones, do bear in mind that whatever adversities we face in our life, they have some hidden purpose behind them. They make us humble, they make us seek forgiveness and plead before Allah subhanahu, together making us thankful and closer to Him.

Never cry over spilt milk and always remain hopeful of the blessings in the offing from Allah.

home work helper

Mathematics Mastermind-II

We have all been there. Confronted by a complicated computation to solve, uncomfortably toying around in our pocket for our calculator or phone (to perform complex calculations on its calculator). But fret no more, help is at hand … some simple and quick Math tips to make you a mathematics mastermind. Browse through them and surprise your teachers, parents and peers.

Happy calculating folks!

01 Percentages

Find 7 % of 300. Sounds Difficult?
First of all you need to understand the word "Percent." The first part is PER. PER = FOR EACH.
The second part of the word is CENT, as in 100.
Like Century = 100 years.
100 CENTS in 1 dollar… etc.
Ok… so PERCENT = For Each 100.
So, it follows that 7 PERCENT of 100, is 7. (7 for each hundred, of only 1 hundred).
8 % of 100 = 8. 35.73% of 100 = 35.73
But how is that useful??
Back to the 7% of 300 question. 7% of the first hundred is 7. 7% of 2nd hundred is also 7, and yep, 7% of the 3rd hundred is also 7. So 7+7+7 = 21.
If 8 % of 100 is 8, it follows that 8% of 50 is half of 8, or 4.
Break down every number that's asked into questions of 100, if the number is less than 100, then move the decimal point accordingly.
EXAMPLES:
8% 200 = ? 8 + 8 = 16.
8% 250 = ? 8 + 8 + 4 = 20.
8% 25 = 2.0 (Moving the decimal back).
15% 300 = 15+15+15 =45.
15% 350 = 15+15+15+7.5 = 52.5
Also it's useful to know that you can always flip percents, like 3% of 100 is the same as 100% of 3.
35% of 8 is the same as 8% of 35.

02 Multiply by 5

Most people memorise the 5 times tables very easily, but when you get in to larger numbers it gets more complex – or does it? This trick is super easy.

Take any number, then divide it by 2 (in other words, half the number). If the result is whole, add a 0 at the end. If it is not, ignore the remainder and add a 5 at the end. It works every time:

2682 x 5 =

2682 / 2 = 1341 (whole number so add 0)

13410

Let's try another:

5887 x 5

2943.5 (fractional number (ignore remainder, add 5)

29435

03 Multiply by 4

This is a very simple trick which may appear obvious to some, but to others it is not. The trick is to simply multiply by two, then multiply by two again:

Let's take 18

18*2 =36

36*2= 72

Another example: 58

58 x 4

58 x 2=116

116 x 2 = 232

screws n bolts

Doublets

Doublets is a game which was invented by Lewis Carroll, who described it in these words: 'Two words are proposed, of the same length; and the puzzle consists in linking these together by interposing other words, each of which shall differ from the next word in one letter only. . . . As an example, the word 'head' may be changed into 'tail' by interposing the words 'heal, teal, tell, tall.' Thus Carroll changed 'head' into 'tail' in five moves:

HEAD, HEAL, TEAL, TELL, TALL, TAIL

So pick up your pen and try to make the following transformations in the specified number of moves.

1. Change **CAT** into **DOG** in three moves. __________, ____________, ______________
2. Change **BOY** into **MAN** in three moves. __________, ____________, ______________
3. Change **HARD** into **EASY** in five moves. __________, ____________, ____________, ____________, ____________
4. Change **GRASS** into **GREEN** in seven moves. __________, ____________, ____________, ____________, ____________, __________, ____________
5. . Change **BLACK** into **WHITE** in seven moves. __________, ____________, ____________, ____________, ____________, __________, ____________

LOL!

Desi English Teacher

In class:

* Open the doors of the window. Let the atmosphere come in.
* Cut an apple in two halves- take the bigger half.
* Shhh...Quiet, boys...the principal just passed away outside.
* Both of you three, get out of the class.
* Close the doors of the window.
* Take Copper Wire of any metal especially of Silver.
* Take 5 cm wire of any length.

About family:

* I have two daughters both of them are girls.

At the play ground:

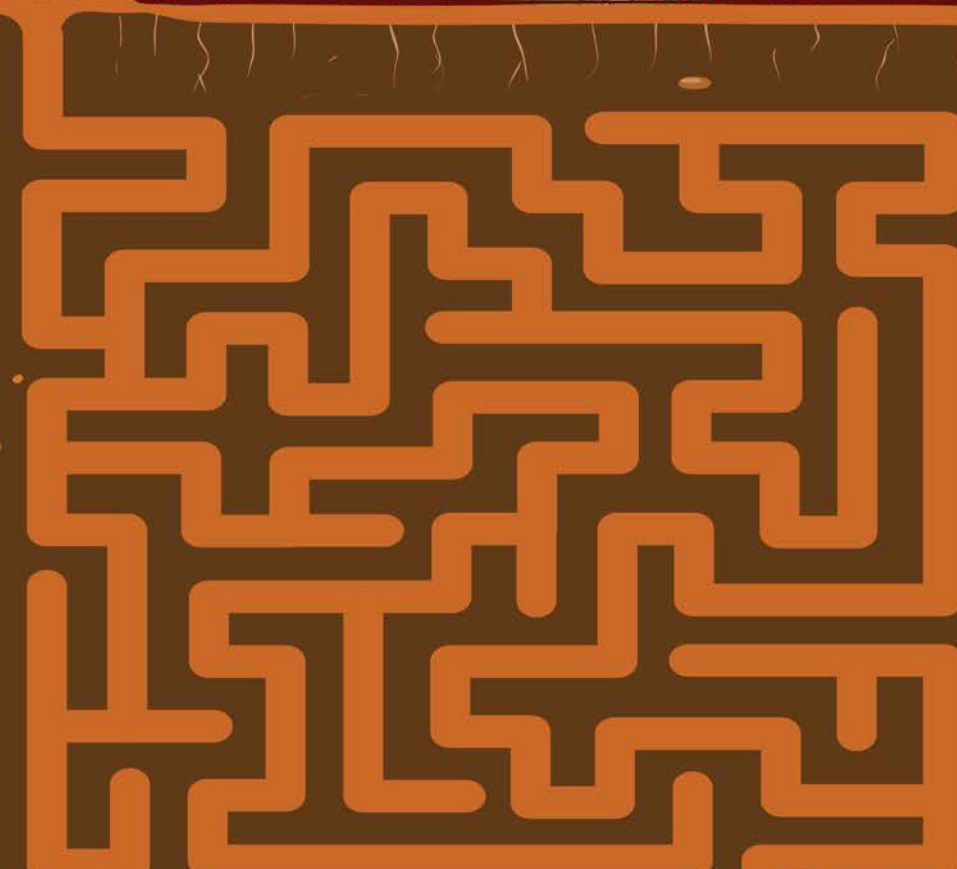
* All of you, stand in a straight circle.
* There is no wind in the balloon.

Punishment:

* You, rotate the ground four times.
* You, go and under-stand the tree.
* You three of you, stand together separately.
* Why you are late - say YES or NO.

Doublets Answers

1. CAT-COT-DOT-DOG or CAT-COT-COG-DOG.
2. BOY-BAY-MAY-MAN or BOY-BAY-BAN-MAN.
3. HARD-CARD-CART-CAST-EAST-EASY.
4. GRASS-CRASS-CRESS-TRESS-TREES-TREED-GREED-GREEN.
5. BLACK-BLANK-BLINK-CLINK-CHINK-CHINE-WHINE-WHITE.

Maze Game

Science Nugget

Why do my fingers and toes wrinkle up in water?

The tough outer layer of skin is protein made by the living cells underneath. Like other proteins, it swells up when it is soaked in water. But it can't expand evenly in all directions because it is attached to the layer underneath. As it swells outward in some places, it pinches inward in other places. That makes wrinkles. But don't worry. Your skin will smooth out again as it dries.

You may wonder why other parts of your body don't wrinkle up as much as the fingers and palms. The layer of skin that swells and wrinkles is thicker on the palms of your hands and the bottoms of your feet than it is on most other body parts. That's why the skin on your palm wrinkles more than the skin on the back of your hand.

mystery mania

Moon Rocks

Boost your brain power through this mystery teaser below and have fun figuring out what ensued based on the given clues.

The first lunar base was completed last year. One company, aptly named "Out Of This World Vacations", offers tourists a week-long visit to the Moon. The cost of such a vacation is extremely high.

"It was awesome! Wait till I show you the Moon rocks I brought back," Alex boasted as a crowd gathered around him on the school grounds.

"What's going on here?" Kari whispered to the person beside her.

"Alex is telling us about his experience on the Moon."

"I felt like an Olympian; I was able to jump more than a metre straight up!" The crowd was clearly impressed so Alex continued. "There are no clouds and no light pollution from big cities, so there was an amazing view of the stars. And while you were here, possibly watching the moonrise, I watched the earthrise - right from when it was just visible on the horizon until it was overhead."

"Why should we believe you actually went there?" one skeptic asked.

"I knew there would be doubters, so I brought back a few Moon rocks. I collected these while on a moonwalk in the Sea of Tranquility. Hey, Jack, you collect rocks, this would be a stellar addition to your rock collection! I'm willing to sell you a rock for only..."

"I've heard quite enough," Kari interrupted. "Jack, save your money for your own vacation."

What had Kari heard that indicated the story wasn't true?

Hint and answer on pg no ***

Valentines in Islam...
A Note from Satan

by Ahmed

The day has come
When I, Satan, will play you dumb

To approach 'The girl/ boy' is hard
So today break the ice with a card

You will send it to them with zeal
Finally they will know how you feel

Oh Muslim don't you see
I watch you with glee

For now I have you trapped
Your heart once inclined towards Allah, I have snatched

I have now started you off on the slippery road
To Jahannam, the dreadful abode.

Sun's Companion

by HAMster

As the sky darkens,
The thunder clashes and crashes,
Lightening strikes the clouds,
Reflecting shades of fire and ashes.

In this manner till noon the storm brewed and roared,
Soaking and wetting all that came in the way,
Frightenin the children and even some grownups!
Everyone prayed for the end of this nasty play...

Then sky cleared, lighting up the world,
Sun poked out, hand in hand with a chum,
Fascinated by it, everyone stared,
For it removed every feeling of glum...

It was blue, red, yellow and orange,
Purple, pink, even green!
Mighty rainbow so bright after the black thunder,
This poet never felt so peaceful and serene...

story nory

The Guilty One-II

A mystery by *Hajra Aslam Motiwala* to keep us gasping for more as well as drawing our attention towards some awfully tricky deceits of the Satan and our lower self (*nafs*)

Very soon, Shahab's money troubles were over; his loan was repaid to his creditor, his house too repaired. His children and wife were now contended and happy. "He who desires the harvest of the hereafter, shall be given a many fold increase in his harvest; and he who desires the harvest of this world, a share of it shall be given to him: but in the hereafter he shall have no share at all." (Ash-Shura:20)

Shahab guessed that Hash was not the man's real name but he didn't care. Shahab obeyed his orders. It was very easy for him to do so. He dropped heroine packets in the boxes before getting them packed tightly and delivering them to West Africa through Cargo Company. Hash's men were around the clock alert in Africa and took out the packets before anyone else could get near the boxes. What Shahab did not know was... those who entered in Hash's mob, never got out of it alive.

That day, as usual packing of finished goods was being rechecked by Shahab. It was after 7 p.m. and Shahab assumed that his fellow workers Nadir and Wahid had left the storage premises as they normally did. Shahab bent down to work quickly, first he cut open the packing of each box with a small blade, and then he placed tiny packets of white powder inside each box. His hands were moving expertly, which meant he had been doing this since quite a time.

"What are you doing Shahab!" Nadir's voice startled him.

Nadir was not only his fellow worker but also his childhood friend. Nadir was an honest and sincere-to-his-job kind of person and right now his presence meant a big trouble for Shahab.

"It's illegal... How on earth can you do this?

Nadir tried to bring some sense into Shahab but Shahab was too blinded by money to understand. After a year of doing this he didn't care whether it was illegal or not.

"Listen Nadir, for sake of our childhood friendship, don't tell anyone... it's not any of your business okay?" Shahab said roughly. His hands were still moving over the boxes, repacking them.

"But..." Nadir opened his mouth.

"Or I may slice your throat!" Shahab threatened looking into Nadir's eyes.

Nadir closed his mouth. He looked truly wounded at heart. Slowly he turned and left the storage room. Shahab watched him go and sighed with relief. He knew Nadir will pester him daily now, try to make him see sense but he also knew that Nadir would not tell the managers of the factory or the police...

When Shahab entered the dimly lit hotel where he had first met Hash, Hash was already there waiting for him with his two bodyguards Dan and John. He was sitting as always with his legs propped up on a chair pulled near.

"You woke me up from my sleep, I hope whatever you have got to say is important enough Shahab! I want you to get straight to the point." Hash already seemed to be in a bad mood.

"Hash... I was putting packets of heroine in the boxes when Nadir caught me."

Shahab spurted out, now wondering if he was doing the right thing by telling Hash.

"What!"Hash gasped. "You idiot, could you not make sure the packing room was locked? Or that everybody had left?" Hash spat.

His guards leaned down at Hash's either side to wait for his orders to kill Shahab. Hash waved them away.

"I am doing this for an year now and I didn't know Nadir was still there in the factory so..."

"So you loosened up? Tell me Shahab, is it that you wanted to get caught so you could escape my gang?" Hash sneered.

"Nn-no" Shahab stuttered.

"Relate me the whole scene..." Hash rubbed his chin thoughtfully; maybe he could enter Nadir in his gang too? His work was expanding at a fast pace.

Shahab was at the point where Nadir had said 'It's illegal, don't do this,' when Hash interrupted Shahab, "Where does he live?"

Shahab did not like the glint in Hash's eyes.

"What are you going to do to him?" Shahab asked fearfully.

Hash grabbed his collar, "Give. Me. His. Address." he said, emphasising on each word.

"Uh, Blue road. House no.3." Shahab said rubbing his neck when Hash released him.

Hash looked at his guards who nodded and left.

"What are you going to do to him?" Shahab repeated.

"You will know... This might as well teach you a lesson to always be careful." Hash said lighting his cigar.

That night Shahab tossed and turned.

His wife woke up, "You came in late?" sheobserved.

"Factory work." he grunted.

"You work too hard," said his wife proudly.

"You don't know how much," Shahab thought to himself and pretended to be asleep.

He kept thinking in what form Nadir will be tomorrow. He wanted to call Nadir and ask him to be careful, but he didn't.

His mobile's tone woke him up. It was still too early in the morning when he glanced at the clock, 3 a.m. He was dreading this call but received it.

"Yes?" Shahab said.

"Shahab bhai, my brother Nadir has been murdered," Nadir's younger brother's voice came muffled with sobs.

Shahab froze as if he had sensed a snake behind him ready to bite.

"I'm coming," he promised but his legs terribly trembled.

Continued...

meet our hero

Young Hearts and Muhammad صَلَّى اللَّهُ عَلَيْهِ وَسَلَّمَ

Lets embark on a touching voyage with **Hajra Aslam Motiwala,** a journey bursting of the most esteemed love; love for our Beloved Prophet ﷺ

It was more than 1400 years ago when a young boy (Hadhrat Ali رضي الله عنه) had stood in front of his family and supported our Beloved Muhammad ﷺ by embracing Islam. Such courage in kids and teens was common in those days. They fought for the right thing and did not let any worldly desire or relation come in their way. Their emaan and love for Muhammad ﷺ was so strong that they (for e.g. Hadhrat Anas رضي الله عنه) wished to serve Muhammad ﷺ for ever; they (e.g. Zaid bin Harith رضي الله عنه) preferred to live with Muhammad ﷺ instead of going with his own father. To die in the name of Allah subhanahu and *deen* was their biggest wish. Thus the non-Muslims started scheming against our Prophet Muhammad ﷺ and the Sahabah.

They worked on ways to remove the love of Muhammad ﷺ from their hearts. They targeted young hearts first as they knew they were young and innocent, and can easily be controlled. These young hearts then turned feeble and thus love for Muhammad ﷺ started to decrease as their weapons were stronger than nuclear bomb. They used weapons like mobiles, internet and television. These three weapons in particular made teens forget how to truly love Muhammad ﷺ and also how to express their love. They now express their love only by entering naat competitions (with music?) at their schools and colleges.

Sahaba loved Muhammad ﷺ and they showed their love by practicing deen and following the Sunnah of Muhammad ﷺ. Tell me, if you truly love someone then will you not WANT to be like that person? Will you not imitate the way he dresses, talks and lives? Then shall we assume that teen's today love non-Muslims more as they prefer to wear jeans instead of shalwar kameez and prefer shaved chins instead of sporting beard. Why is it that when we ask them to write about their favourite celebrity they can fill pages, they love to bicker and compete on who knows more about a particular celebrity… and when it comes to Muhammad ﷺ they have nothing to say, nothing. After thinking about the above things I decided to conduct a mini research and find out from some teens about their love for Muhammad ﷺ. Of course I cannot lift a finger on anyone when I myself am no good. Anyway, I texted twenty-seven of my thousand friends who always reply me promptly.

"Please tell me how much do you love Muhammad ﷺ and what do you do to express your love?"

While I waited, my thoughts grilled and grinded. Perhaps we lowly people can never show our love for such a respectful and honorable man. Whatever we do it won't ever be enough in return for what our Prophet ﷺ did for us. But we can at least vow to follow the Sunnah and teachings of Muhammad ﷺ. And who, by the way, was I to ask this question from others. When I, myself had no answer. So sad that our minds and tongues stop working when it comes to our deen.

After a few minutes, replies started flowing in. Many wanted to know why on earth was I asking them that question. Whilst others said they were unable to think on it.

Feeling down in the dumps, my shoulders slumped. Was their no hope left for us and our deen? I was on the brink of tears. And then few replied:

"I try to follow his Sunnah."

"I try to recite Durood whenever I hear his name."

But the best was, "The love that I have for him cannot be expressed. Ones love for someone is expressed by how much that person follows and talks of his/her beloved. To express my love I try to follow each and every Sunnah of my beloved Prophet ﷺ and recite Durood on him as much as I can, imagining it is reaching him."

In short, out of twenty-seven only eight replied. I asked my friends to forward my questions to their friends too. If nothing, this question will make others at least think on this... So there is still hope. While you and I keep trying. While you and I worry for the long life of our deen and love for Prophet ﷺ.

While I was thinking on the lines of "What do you do to express your love" I came up with an idea which I would like to share with you: why not we start one by one? I mean we can focus on reciting Durood for Prophet ﷺ and side by side we can start to follow the Sunnah of sleeping, and then eating. One by one will not even make it difficult for us. And at the end, we will be just like our Prophet ﷺ wanted us to be, Insha'Allah.

So when on the day of judgment our Allah asks us about what we did for Muhammad ﷺ who prayed for you day and night, we will have something to say. We will have some hope. It is said, the most unfortunate hopeless person on the day of judgment will be throwing dirt on his head and will keep saying *hae hae*..

When all the sons of our Prophet Muhammad ﷺ died one after the other, Prophet Muhammad ﷺ was obviously quite upset. A sahabiya asked, "Oh Muhammad every nabi is granted a *dua* which will get to be fulfilled. Why don't you use that dua to get back the life of your sons?" Our Prophet said, "I have saved that dua for *qayamah*, I will ask for forgiveness of my Ummah."

Also, when Muhammad ﷺ was dying, his beloved daughter Hadhrat Fatima رضي الله عنها was standing in front of him. But he wasn't looking her way. She asked: "Oh dear father, why aren't you looking my way, why have you turned your face away?"

He answered that if I look at you I will forget to pray for my Ummah.

Such was the love of our Prophet ﷺ, such beautiful love. This is the true meaning of love. While tragically, the meaning of love is now searched by teens at all the wrong places. Just check out this example of love for some inspiration: It is related that once 'Abdullah ibn 'Umar's foot went numb. He was told, "Remember the most beloved of people to you and it will go away!" He shouted, "O Muhammad!" and the feeling returned. (Imam Al-Bukhari in Adab al-Mufrad Hadith No. 964).

I will now end my article with my favorite narration and I am sure you will love it too.

When Hadhrat Ali رضي الله عنه was asked about his love for Muhammad ﷺ he said, "I swear by Allah that for us Prophet Muhammad ﷺ is more beloved that our wealth, our children, our mothers and at the time of fierce thirst, more than cold water." (Ash-Shifa of Qadi Iyad).

Subhan'Allah.

Hair care in winter

by HAMster

Cold weather makes hair very brittle and can cause dryness. The effect on the hair is just as if you were to climb into a refrigerator and cool down your hair extremely fast - it leaves your hair weakened and vulnerable to damage. Low temperature can also cause static or flyaway hair and this is the problem especially for fine hair types, especially those with very-straight hair. Many people tend to towel dry their hair, leaving it slightly damp and simply tie it back before going outside, a definite no-no for hair in the cold. Keep your hair well conditioned if you are spending time in low temperatures and, whenever possible, cover your hair with a scarf or a cap etc to keep your hair from exposure to cold.

STATIC ENERGY: Now in winters we, especially those who have straight hair, have enough static energy that we could easily lend some to KESC and help the nation! How to overcome this? Carpets, nylon and stylish berets ensure that sparks fly every time we brush our hair. The sparks actually make cracking noises. God save us from having a static shock one day!

- Choose a brush with rubber ends, it helps to counter this problem and smoothes hair.

- Drink eight glasses of water or maybe more. It does magic, not just to your hair but to your skin as well.

FLAKY SCALP: There are increased chances of developing a flaky scalp. Keep your hair tied. A vigorous but gentle brushing will loosen the flakes. Follow with a thorough head massage to increase the blood flow. Finally, a shampoo and deep conditioner will remove any lingering flakes and restore moisture.

DEHYDRATED HAIR: If you feel your hair has dehydrated, drink carrot and apple juice to keep it hydrated. Avoid tea and coffee (which we need most in winters!) and drink captious amount of water, of course.

Take care of your hair; if it's good, you will feel good.

Chocolate Delights

Umm Abdullah chomps down yummy chocolate delights which are sure to make you asking for more. But you'll be trying them yourselves, right? Time to give moms a break. And amaze them too

TRUFFLES

Ingredients:

- 175ml double cream
- 225g dark chocolate
- 2 tbsp cocoa
- Icing sugar for rolling

Method:

In a small saucepan, pour the cream in and bring it to the boil.

Remove from heat and add the chocolate. Stir it continuously until it is all melted and you have a creamy smooth consistency.

Set aside to cool for 3 hours.

When cooled and set, cover your hands in icing sugar and roll teaspoon sized balls. Roll in cocoa.

Chocolate Mousse Recipe

Ingredients:

4 1/2 ounces chocolate, finely chopped
2 tablespoons (1 ounce) unsalted butter, diced
2 tablespoons espresso or very strong coffee
1 cup cold heavy cream
3 large eggs, seperated
1 tablespoon sugar
(Optional) Raspberries and extra whipped cream

Method:

1 Whip the cream to soft peaks, then refrigerate.

2 Combine the chocolate, butter, and espresso in the top of a double boiler over hot, but not simmering, water, stirring frequently until smooth. Remove from the heat and let cool until the chocolate is just slightly warmer than body temperature. To test, dab some chocolate on your bottom lip. It should feel warm. If it is too cool, the mixture will seize when the other ingredients are added.

3 Once the melted chocolate has cooled slightly, whip the egg whites in a medium bowl until they are foamy and beginning to hold a shape. Sprinkle in the sugar and beat until soft peaks form.

4 When the chocolate has reached the proper temperature, stir in the yolks. Gently stir in about one-third of the whipped cream. Fold in half the whites just until incorporated, then fold in the remaining whites, and finally the remaining whipped cream.

5 Spoon or pipe the mousse into a serving bowl or individual dishes. If you wish, layer in fresh raspberries and whipped cream. Refrigerate for at least 8 hours. (The mousse can be refrigerated for up to a day.)

heaven highs

Your Eyes are You

Bint Abdul Malik lends us help in dealing with the pressures we face when guarding our gaze, practicing which promises us eternal peace; both here and in the Hereafter

Have you ever imagined being blind? I have. I sometimes purposely cover my eyes and try fiddling with the things around me and try to imagine what it would be like to be unable to see what my hands are touching or the things I am surrounded by. This exercise, most of the times is so overwhelming that I end up feeling a lump in my throat and then I would thank Allah ﷻ profusely for granting me the blessing of sight.

Indeed, not only our sights, but every function that our bodies are able to perform is not our right but an invaluable blessing of Allah ﷻ. If these were our rights then there wouldn't have been people who are born blind or deaf or with any other disability. Yet these are the very blessings that we take ever so for granted; that sometimes we are not even conscious of.

Our beloved Prophet ﷺ has told us that when the life-long deeds of an extremely pious and righteous person would be weighed on the Day of Judgment, they would not even be equal to the blessing of sight that he would have had enjoyed all his life.

Just imagine! How immense is this blessing?

But this also tells us that no matter how big and righteous our deeds are, they alone cannot guarantee our success on The Final Day. On that day, Allah's ﷻ mercy would be one's ticket to Jannah. Now it would be impulsive for a conscious Muslim to think that if we can never possibly repay for the blessings of Allah ﷻ (and Allah; The All-Knowing, knows this) then what could be required of us against these blessings in order to be eligible for Allah's ﷻ mercy?

These blessings are an *amanah* (trust) of Allah ﷻ with us. The Holy Quran and the Sunnah of our beloved Prophet ﷺ are the sacred sources which provide us with a complete guideline regarding the ways to fulfill this trust of Allah ﷻ. Logically speaking, against every blessing of Allah ﷻ, we are obliged to firstly pay continuous thanks to Allah ﷻ and secondly, to use that blessing in the manner which Allah ﷻ has taught us.

Gratitude for a blessing is easier expressed with the realisation of its importance. The importance and magnanimity of the blessing of sight cannot be put justly into words. As I have stated in the beginning, realising the importance of any blessing can be possible by imagining its absence or imagining being in the shoes of the people who don't have that blessing. But the story doesn't end here. Realising only the physical deprivation due to the absence of one's ability to see would not be enough because there is much more to this blessing; much deeper. So much so, that it wouldn't be wrong to say that our sights make us who we are. Let us see, how!

If we imagine ourselves as machines somewhat similar to computers, then eyes and ears can be considered as the two main input devices for our systems. Whatever information goes through them then finds its way to our hearts which act as the processing units. The output then becomes evident as our thoughts in our minds and our actions through our hands, feet, tongues and hence our whole personalities. The things we do, places we move towards, words we speak and the kinds of people we are, are the ultimate reflections of the things we see and hear and what impressions they have left on our hearts. Today it is scientifically proven that we ultimately tend to think and behave like what we spend most of our time seeing. Little kids hooked to game-stations would be seen simulating the violence and action even in the moments they are not actually playing and even in their sleep. Similarly, it wouldn't be hard to find rock-star-look-alike teenagers reflecting the things they choose to see mostly, and so on.

After acknowledging the importance of one's sight and consciously feeling gratitude for it, the next step would be to know 'the right method' to use our sights. The Quran tells us that the purpose of our sights is to observe and reflect upon the signs of Allah ﷻ (so to attain guidance) and the ones who don't do that, shall be raised blind on the Day of Judgment (because they acted blind here). (Taha:124,125,126).

Having said that, the Quran tells about transgressors and deniers that:

"Allah ﷻ has set a seal on their hearts and on their hearing, (i.e. they are closed from accepting Allah's ﷻ guidance), and on their eyes there is a covering (a curtain)"... (Al-Baqarah:7)

The fact that notable *mufassirin* (scholars of Quran) have highlighted here is that because of someone's utter ignorance, Allah ﷻ may completely close his heart and ears, whereas his eyes are not sealed but rather shielded by a curtain.

So why are the two 'input devices' (ears and eyes) treated differently? Since a curtain is often only a partial blockade against light, it is here that the concept and the possibility of *tawbah* comes in. The eyes thus become the sole source of hope (for repentance) for even the one with the lowest of Imaan. Therefore, wisdom demands to take the utmost care of how this ultimate source of information, which could also be the only ray of hope, is used because what one chooses to see can either save or destroy him/her. Following are a few humble suggestions in order to make the most of our eyes *inshaAllah*:

- If you see all, watch just the special**.** When we limit our attention and observation to a few preferred things, our retention and absorbance of them naturally increases. Countless scenes pass through our sights daily. It would be vital to distinguish between things that are 'seen' (unwillingly) and those that are 'watched' (by-choice) and to filter out the pointless stuff.

- Since we are taking ourselves to be analogous to computers, to save ourselves from the harms of 'improper sights' (which unfortunately are abundant today), we must take care of our sight and work hard towards it, just like we take all measures to ensure that our computers are safe from viruses and corrupt files.

1. The first thing would be to use only the 'good' softwares. For us, it would mean to watch only what is *halal* and to learn to turn our eyes away from what we are not supposed to see even if it is as trivial-looking as a billboard on a highway. Very unfortunately, the times are deteriorating fast and the social values and ethics fading away rapidly. Ever wonder why the things considered 'improper to be seen' a decade ago have now become 'okay' in the name of modernisation or liberty? The reason could be that our eyes have now gotten immune to them because we failed to draw a line earlier. We keep this up and the things looking odd today would be okay tomorrow. The threshold criterion of immodesty, violence, grimness, crime and immorality have had a steep fall and are falling still because we are so used to seeing them in the things called 'entertainment and education' today.

2. Secondly, it would be wise to load a reliable anti-virus program on our system. For us it would without doubt be the knowledge of our beautiful Deen. That loaded onto ourselves, any corrupt sight would not be able to find its way to our hearts *insha'Allah*.

3. Lastly, in order to prevent 'junk accumulation' in our system, we need to have frequent 'disk cleansing' runs. Again for us, this would mean a continuous effort towards the purification and education of our hearts in order to prevent ourselves from the filthy load of the improper sights our eyes tend to gather involuntarily.

Our eyes are precious. Our sights are sacred. Allah ﷻ has promised the ones who make an effort to guard their sights in this world, that they shall be blessed with the sacred view of The Almighty ﷻ in the heavens. So if we wish to be amongst those favoured ones who will be granted the sight of Allah ﷻ in that eternal life, then all we need doing is to keep our gaze focused on the peaceful path He has prescribed for us.

A Drive I Can Never Forget

by Ahmad Motiwala, Al-Badr School, Age 15

Last year during summer vacations me, my family and a friend of mine were going to my dad's farmhouse. My friend Amir was driving one car and my father was driving the other. I was in my friend's car while my family was in my dad's car. Amir was having fun driving and he was trying to get ahead of my dad's car. That time we were on National Highway when suddenly Amir's car started taking jerks due to the lack of gas. I quickly looked at the speedometer; it read 130km/hr. Many trucks were passing by.

Amir tried to control his car but he did not succeed in doing so. His car hit a fully loaded truck, Amir's side crashed with a loud noise and a faint screech. Sprinkles of Amir's blood came on me and I yelled with fear, "Help! help!"

I started howling loudly for help. My father quickly stopped his car and called the ambulance. Amir was badly injured, he could not even utter a single word. I watched horrified as they took my dearest friend to the hospital. At that time I could not tell whether he was alive or not. I was very confused because I was stuck in the car and Amir was in front of me losing his life.

I started shouting loudly, the people took me and Amir out, "Leave me, I am fine! Just take Amir to the hospital!"

In the hospital, I waited desperately to hear what doctors will say about my friend. An hour later, someone told me the terribly bad news, I sat down on the floor, I had seen him seriously injured but I never thought my friend would die!

After this incident, whenever I pass National Highway, th scene comes into my mind and I close my eyes.

Dear friends, always drive carefully and before going for a long drive, make sure the gas is full in your car.

Laziness and Wasting Time

by Asra Ahmed
Convent of Jesus and Mary school, Age 13

There was once a girl, whose laziness dominated her whole life. Her summer vacations had started about a week ago and she knew that every new day would be no different than the previous one. Her schedule for everyday was the same. Each morning she woke up, had breakfast, took a shower and went straight to turn on her laptop. For a while she would play games on it, and then chat with a few of her friends online. Being a young girl, she would easily get bored and then start sms sessions with her friends. Soon all her pleasure in the sms would be over as well, and she would get irritated. After a quick lunch, she turned on her laptop yet again.

Her mother looked on with worried eyes, as her young and lazy daughter did nothing of any use and wasted the precious time she had. Her mother stood there trying to think of a way to lure her away from the computer but did not succeed. She asked her daughter to set the table for dinner but the girl refused saying that she was busy. Busy to her maybe but in reality, she was wasting time.

Yes, nowadays many of us behave this way. Thanks to modern technology, we are kept what we call 'busy'. This is quite common in our world and not just amongst children. From young children to aging grandparents, we all possess this disgusting habit of laziness.

The ideal way to fight laziness is to put your mind on something else, something useful. For instance, instead of using your computer twenty-four seven, you can go to a local charity, Masjid or madrassa and volunteer for a few hours each day. It doesn't matter for how long you're there, it's the pleasure you get when you know that you have helped make a difference in somebody's life. This satisfaction stays in your heart forever unlike the pleasure that lasts only a while when we have our never-ending sms sessions.

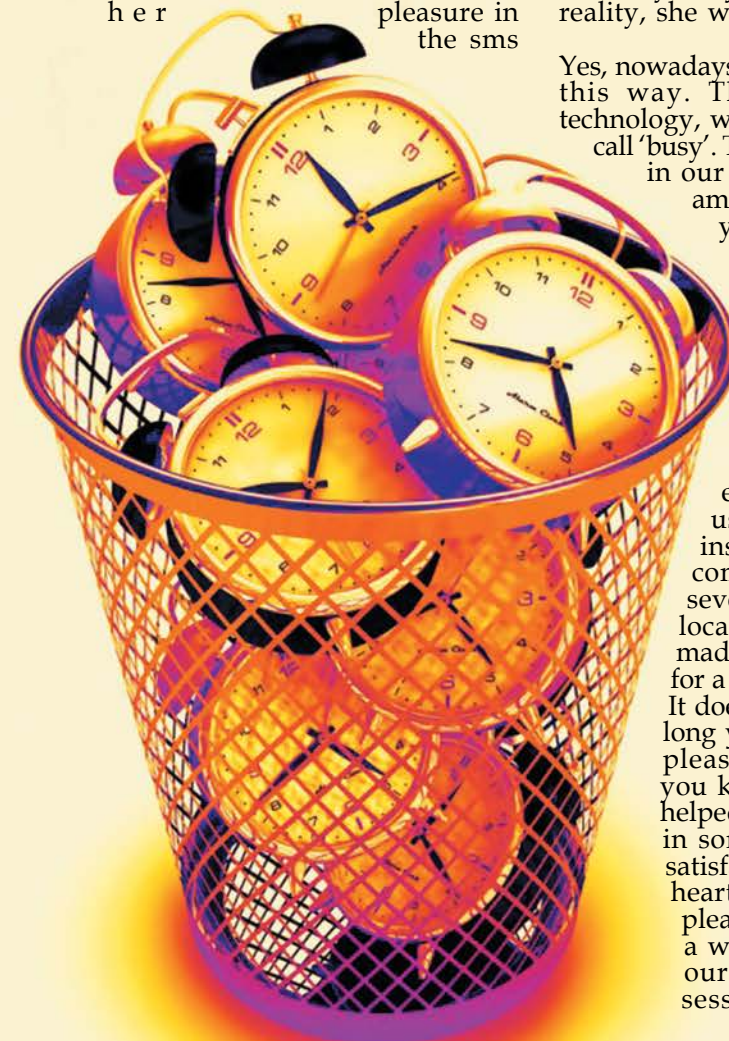
A number of people get just enough sleep to make it through an average workday, with perhaps a little energy to spare for dinnertime. Meanwhile, all of these unfinished chores and unfulfilled personal interests pile up around them. By the weekend, all hopes of accomplishing anything constructive are gone and the result is laziness. Laziness can be defeated, however, once a few changes have been made in one's mindset.

Laziness can also be cured by removing the luxuries from around you. For instance, a hammock in the garden may be nice but it is the ideal thing to keep you away from mowing the grass. In many households, televisions are dotted all over the place causing a serious form of laziness. An idea to prevent this from happening is to reward yourself, as a parent may do to his or her child. For instance, you can do a number of chores and other useful things and then reward yourself by going shopping or eating your favourite ice cream or a yummy meal.

When you are trying to motivate yourself not to be lazy, then it is better to think of all the things that could happen if you don't do it fast.

The lesson we learn from this story is that instead of spending our time on the computer, we should get involved in more constructive activities.

"Time waits for no one in life!"

So what are we waiting for? Start getting more rest at night so we can be fresh early in the morning. We should try to spend most of our time in physical activities and *Insha'Allah* we will have fresh minds and bodies and our lazy lifestyle shall be cured.

comic

Mohammad Ahmed's Mixed perceptions

And in this bomb blast some young boys got killed!!!

the world can end for anyone anytime!

6 Steps to get you closer to Allah...